

**[Mrs. Jessie Deane]**

S - 241 - ADA DUP

Week No. 6

Item No. 13

Words 750

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FORM A Circumstances of Interview

NAME OF WORKER L. A. Rollins ADDRESS 1126 W 6

DATE Feb. 1939 SUBJECT Folklore

1. Name and address of informant Mrs. Jessie Deane, 817 W 4, Hastings
2. Date and time of interview Feb. 1939
3. Place of interview at residence
4. Name and address of person, if any, who put you in touch with informant None
5. Name and address of person, if any, accompanying you None

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6. Description of room, house, surroundings, etc.

Old fashioned 6 room home. Modern except furnace. Well kept. Furnishings old but neat and in good repair. C15 [??] Nebraska

FORM B Personal History of Informant

NAME OF WORKER L. A. Rollins ADDRESS 1126 W 6

DATE Feb. 1939 SUBJECT Folklore

NAME AND ADDRESS OF INFORMANT Mrs. Jessie Deane, 817 W 4 St., Hastings, Neb.

1. Ancestry - Dutch-Scotch

2. Place and date of birth - Doniphan, Neb., Jan. 11, 1881

3. Family - widow, no children

4. Place lived in, with dates - Doniphan, Lincoln, Omaha, Sioux City, Ia. Hasting, Neb.

5. Education, with dates - 12th grade

6. Occupations and accomplishments, with dates - Trimmer, designer, hat shops, housewife.

7. Special skills and interests - None

8. Community and religious activities - Methodist

9. Description of informant 5' 7" heavy set, large boned.

10. Other points gained in interview - none

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FORM C Text of Interview (Unedited)

NAME OF WORKER L. A. Rollins ADDRESS 1126 W 6

DATE Feb. 1939 SUBJECT Folklore

NAME AND ADDRESS OF INFORMANT Mrs. Jessie Deane, 817 W 4 St., Hastings, Nebr.  
Country Buckwheat Cakes

In the late fall, thru the winter and early spring, we used to always have these cakes for breakfast.

Each nite the batter was mixed and set in a warm place around the stove to raise.

To start: 2 cups of buckwheat flour, 1/2 cup of cornmeal, 1 cup sweet milk, 1 cup boiling water, 2 tablespoonsful molasses, 1 teaspoon salt, 1/2 cake of yeast.

Stir molasses into milk and water. Let cool a little. Add yeast which has been dissolved in warm water. Stir in the dry ingredients which have been mixed together. Stir until batter is free of any lumps and set in a warm place to raise.

Now in the morning add 1/2 teaspoonful soda dissolved in a little warm water. Use less soda if batter is not sour. Beat well and you are ready to bake. Save some of the batter, cup full or so and use as a sponge for next day baking. Repeat as with the first baking and add sponge batter instead of yeast cake.

After a few mornings the cakes will be better than the first baking.

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"Fair Charlotte"

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This is the original copy of song. The following is a true incident which occurred near [Three?] Oaks, Michigan about 1850.

This original copy was written in 1871 near [Mansville?], Mich. The event occurred over 20 yrs. before. This was sent to me by [W. F.?] Gardner an Evangelist, from Ohio who was visiting his cousin in Michigan in 1864. Contributed by Laura [??]. Dakota to Mrs. Jessie Deane, Hastings, Neb., a cousin. Fair Charlotte lived by the mountain side, In a wild and lovely spot, No dwellings were there for miles around Except her father's cot. Thro' many a cold and wintry night Young swains would gather there, For her father kept a social cot And she was very fair. Her father liked to see her dressed And [trimmed?] as a city belle, For she was all the child he had And he loved his daughter well. To the village fifteen miles away, There's a [?] dance tonight, Alt o' the air is deathly cold Her heart beats [?] and light. 3 "Twas New Years eve, and the sun was low All beams her wandering eye As oft' to the frozen window she goes To see the sleighs pass by. Still restless bears her wandering eye When a well known voice she hears As dashing up the cottage door Young Charles and sleigh appears Oh, daughter dear the mother cries, This blanket 'round you fold This is a dreadful night without You'll take your death of cold. Oh, mother no, fair Charlotte sings, And she laughs like a [?] queen To be muffled up while riding out I never will be seen. Her bonnet and shawl now being on, They stepped into the sleigh, And o'er the hills by the mountain side, Together rode away. Such a night says Charles I never saw I scarce my reins can hold Fair Charlotte answered in frozen words I am exceeding cold. 3 He cracked his whip, he urged his steed, On faster than before, Till a space of five more dreary miles, In silence they passed o'er. How fast, says Charles, the frozen snow, Is gathering on my brow, Fair Charlotte answered in these few words: I'm growing warmer now. He cracked his whip, he urged his steed, On faster than before, Thro' frost and cold starlight, At length the village it appeared, The ball room was in sight. He drove to the door and then jumped out And gave his hand to her. Why sit you there like a monument, That has no power to stir? He asked her once, he asked her twice, But still she never stirred, He asked her for her hand again Yet she answered not a word. 4 He took her hand in his—Oh God—

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T'was still and cold as stone He took her mantle from her brow, While the cold stars on her shone. And then into the lighted hall Her lifeless form he bore, Fair Charlotte was a frozen corpse She never knew any more. It was then he knelt down by her side, And the bitter tears did flow He says -my dear and blooming bride You never me again will know. As there he knelt by her frozen side, And tenderly kissed her marble brow, His thoughts ran back to where she said- I'm growing warmer now.